a fine race dies ; and the wise way and the kind way, if the race can sing at all in the dying, is but to write of the song.

Through the gay jolly crowd then, dodging the confetti, praying to get off with but one bottle of that champagne at this hour of ten in the morning, I made my way to the *Nang-Li* and to my English friend among her officers. She lay like a leviathan in the sun, all the 7,000 tons of her, by the side of the fifty-ton schooners and the old *Flora* whose life is a miracle, and the squat *Cholita.* From her stern waved lazily the five-barred flag of the Chinese Republic, while the wharf was crowded with friends of her seven hundred Chinese passengers and still more of the merry-makers of the f£te. I was greeted at the gang-way and welcomed aboard to be shown her every wonder, from the inlaid marbles of her saloon and smoke-room to the new gadgets of the bridge.

German built, they have patched up the shell-hole we made in her, andshehas been purchased by a wealthy Chinese company as the first of a fleet that will ply from Hong Kong to Lima by way of Australia and flaunt this new amazing flag in the Pacific trades. And